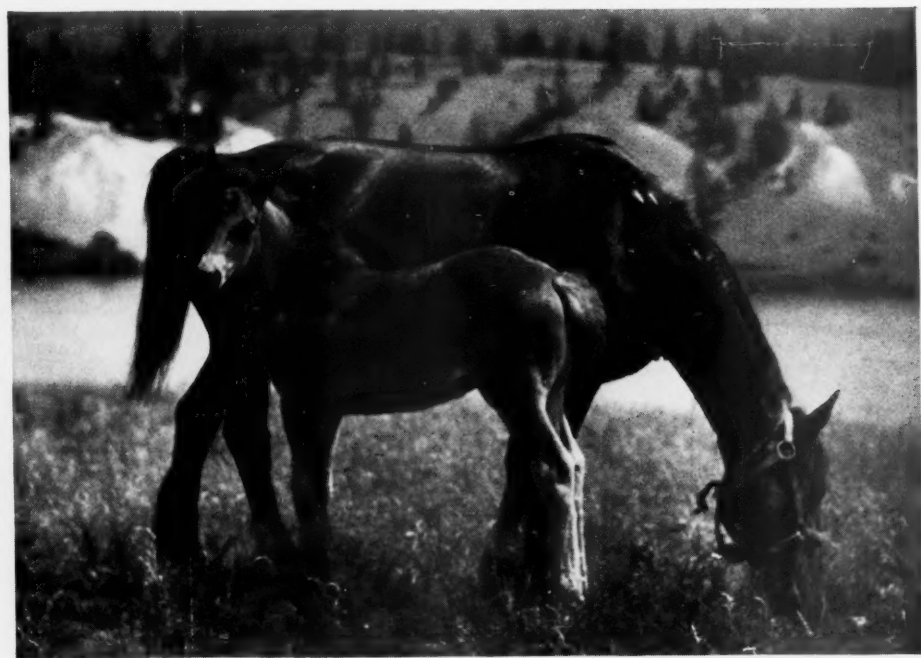


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### The Bell of Atri

Mrs. Frank Sweeney of the Memphis Humane Society wrote, April 24, 1934:

"The film was shown in six local theaters and was well received. Would it be possible to keep it longer as I should like to show it in some of the Negro schools?"

### On Behalf of Animals

Lillian M. Fernald of the Prospect School, Gardner, Mass., wrote, April 19, 1934:

"The Parent Teacher Association and Prospect School are very grateful for the use of this fine film. We showed it in the afternoon to 400 pupils and in the evening to 300 adults. It proved most interesting and appealing."

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Secretary, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

# Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark Registered

FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM



The Massachusetts Society  
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals  
The American Humane Education Society  
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

Entered as second-class matter, June 29, 1917, at the Post Office at Norwood, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879  
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Boston Office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Vol. 67

June, 1934

No. 6

We hope the article on the next page will be carefully read by all into whose hands this issue falls.

We have never published an issue of *Our Dumb Animals* when so many reports of societies, letters, newspaper clippings and other contributions to its columns had to be left unnoticed for lack of space. We deeply regret this.

According to the Governor of Connecticut that state contemplates establishing game areas where game can be bred and set free for the benefit of hunters. He even suggests that one of these areas be reserved for women hunters and provided with a woman warden to teach women how to shoot the game. Let us hope Connecticut will set no such example to the other states. What with the plumes and feathers of the past, and the furs with which she has from time immemorial decorated herself, woman has been responsible for the killing of quite enough animals.

Good news from England. A friend, closely associated with the Royal S. P. C. A. of England, writes us that by an action of Parliament a law has been secured prohibiting such exhibitions as those known as rodeos. We rejoice with our friends across the sea. It is a great victory. Again England leads the way.

Here is the law:

"No person shall promote, produce, exhibit, or take part in, any public contest, public performance, or public exhibition which consists of—

- (a) throwing, casting, roping, or catching, with ropes or other appliances, any animal; or
- (b) wrestling, fighting, or struggling with any animal; or
- (c) riding or attempting to ride any untamable or uncontrollable animal

under a penalty on conviction of a fine not exceeding one hundred pounds, or alternatively, or in addition thereto, to imprisonment with or without hard labor for any term not exceeding three months."

## Again the Traffic in New-Born Calves

THIS wretched business should make every humane society in the land hang its head in shame—at least if it is not doing everything in its power to stop it. According to the U. S. Department of Agriculture, at present, there are being killed in this country annually approximately 10,000,000 calves. The figures for 1933 are 4,906,632 under Federal inspection, and the Department estimates the number killed on farms and other places without Federal inspection about as many more—a total of 9,813,264. To be sure not all of these are calves taken away from their dams within an hour or a day or two or possibly a little longer after birth. Several of these millions, however, are gathered up by small dealers, collected at some convenient railroad station, and then unfed, half starved, packed into freight cars and shipped, by the hundreds of thousands, long distances without food, water or rest. These shipments may last for 36 hours according to Federal law.

How many of these poor creatures die of starvation will never be known, how many are humanely put to sleep by the humane officers of the various societies, we cannot tell. We can only give the experience of our Society here in Massachusetts. We can say this by way of encouragement, that conditions are vastly improved over those that prevailed twenty years ago when we began our crusade against this great evil. In 1912 and 1913 carloads of calves were coming to the Brighton Stockyards with from two, three and up to 22 dead in many, many cases out of a total of 70 to 80 in the car. The chief factor in improved conditions, bad as they still are, has been the more rapid movement by the railroads of the cars by faster freight, and by the constant insistence of our officers, particularly in the past, of better bedding conditions and more attempts to feed the calves than existed during the first years of our crusade. At that time we found in cars where there were from 70 to 80 calves, a death rate of something like 1½ per cent. That would mean about 15 calves out of every 1,000 were dead or had to be humanely put to sleep.

Take, now, the past six years. There have been received and inspected by our officers at Somerville and Brighton, where livestock is received for the Boston district, 2,752,617 calves; dead in cars, 7,081; humanely put to sleep because injured or unable to leave car, 2,882. The percentage of dead and those that had to be destroyed to the whole number is .36 of 1 per cent or about 3 6/10 calves per thousand. It will be seen that there has been a very material reduction from 1½ per cent of 22 years ago to .36 of 1 per cent today. In other words, there are lost at present, according to the records of our Society covering greater Boston, through death, and the necessity of their being destroyed, 3 6/10 calves out of every thousand as against 15 calves out of every thousand 22 years ago.

Why can't the whole wretched business be stopped? Because of the conflict between state laws and Federal laws. If we can find a man or a corporation shipping any animal within the state in any way causing unnecessary suffering we can stop the train, cart or truck, make an arrest and take the offender into court. But any freight passing from one state into another is under Federal law and all the Federal law recognizes as an offense is keeping live freight more than 36 hours without water, food or rest. In spite of this, our officers do hold up trains on their way through the state, destroy calves half dead or injured, often securing the unloading of all the animals and insisting on better bedding and extra cars where the conditions have been too crowded. We can only beg our readers to believe that we are doing the best we can to lessen the suffering of these unfortunate victims of a heartless traffic. Nothing but such a Federal law as the humane societies of the United States almost secured years ago will make it possible to stop the greater part of this evil. Had we won the law we sought at Washington, no calf could be shipped from one state into another under four weeks of age unless accompanied by its dam. It is time the humane societies of the country combined again to see if such Federal legislation may not be secured.



# Standard Oil Company

(INDIANA)

## Versus the Humane Societies of This and Other Lands

**W**HETHER ignorant of the widespread growth of public sentiment in this and other lands against the exploitation of animals through what are known as trained animals' acts or, indifferent to this public sentiment, we cannot say, but this great oil company, whose name appears at the head of this article, has planned for staging this year at A Century of Progress at Chicago an animal act portrayed in the picture on this page. The *Chicago Daily News* of Tuesday, April the third, under this picture says, "Action and thrills aplenty await visitors to the Standard oil exhibit at the World's Fair this summer where Allen King, youthful animal trainer, will crack his whip at 36 jungle beasts perched about him in a circular cage. He is shown outstaring a snarling lion."

Some years ago public attention was called by the celebrated Jack London to the cruelties involved in the training of animals for these various performances. London says, "Cruelty, as a fine art, has attained its perfect flower in the trained animal world. But what makes my gorge rise is the cold-blooded, conscious, deliberate cruelty and torment that is manifest behind ninety-nine of every hundred trained animal turns. I have been appalled and shocked in the midst of happy, laughing, and applauding audiences when trained animal turns were being put on the stage."

As a result of what Jack London had seen, the Jack London Club, after a conference with Mrs. London, was started some fifteen years ago in the offices of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Membership in the Club requires only the pledge to leave, where possible, such animal acts as are being exhibited and to use the best of one's influence to stop such performances. The Club in this country alone has reached a membership of over half a million. Similar Clubs have been formed in England, France, and other lands, and an international congress of Jack London Clubs was held two years ago in Paris. Furthermore, every humane society in this and other countries has protested against these performances. Legislation has been sought to limit their activities and to lessen, as far as possible, the cruelties involved.

These cruelties are not apparent upon the stage except on rare occasions. They are associated with the long period of training where the animals are subjected to a discipline wholly unnatural and contrary to their inborn instincts. Seldom does one witness a trained animal act without being told by the trainer how it has all been done by "great kindness." It is not necessary to cite cases where convictions against trainers have been obtained for the cruel treatment of animals in the process of being made ready for public exhibition. One needs to spend but a moment in thought to see that not only domestic animals, but, above all, wild animals, like lions, tigers and leopards, cannot be induced to do many of the things they do, so contrary to their natural instincts, without having been forced to do them. One also needs only to recall the cases where trainers have been killed, or sadly



Chicago Daily News Photo

### TRAINED BY "KINDNESS"! WHO CAN BELIEVE IT?

mutilated, by the animals they were supposed to have treated with such marvelous kindness.

Immediately upon the appearance in the Chicago papers of this proposed exhibit, there was a meeting of the representative of the Chicago and Cook County Federation of Women's Organizations and of several other humane groups in the city of Chicago with a representative of the above mentioned Standard Oil Company and a protest made against this exhibit, and the plea urged that the Company abandon this method of advertising. A further interview was had with a representative of this oil company by the President of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The plea of the Company was that it had been to large expense in engaging this animal trainer with his outfit, that A Century of Progress was spending something like \$40,000 preparing a stage and auditorium, and that there seemed to be no possibility of the act being withdrawn. The Company would be very glad, it was said, to avoid any unfavorable publicity in this

matter; to which the only reply possible on our part was, that just as the job of the oil company was to run a great business, so, our job was in every way possible to look after the welfare of animals.

As this magazine goes out to all the humane organizations in this country and to nearly all in other lands, into tens of thousands of homes, and to some ten thousand of the leading newspapers of the United States, we must believe that there will be a great multitude of people stirred to criticism of such a method of advertising by a business organization seeking the advertisement of its products through a plan that has the opposition of the humane societies in this and other lands. Many, doubtless, will be inclined to refuse to purchase the products of the company who otherwise might have done so. That thoughtless people will be amused by the animal performance we do not doubt. That the animals will be well fed and comfortably housed may all be true, but they will still be prisoners behind the bars and away from all the surroundings in which Nature designed them to be.

## Twentieth Annual Be Kind to Animals Week

State Proclamations, Radio and Pulpit Addresses, Press Publicity and School Activities



SOME OF THE PRIZE-WINNING POSTERS FROM 5,373 RECEIVED IN ANNUAL CONTEST OF MASSACHUSETTS S.P.C.A.

THE founder of Be Kind to Animals Week built far better than he knew. The first observance, in 1915, was reported as a marked success. But each succeeding anniversary has demonstrated that this idea is growing with the years, that more and more people are awakened to the call of justice for animals, that the stress laid on the subject during these special weeks is proving its value to organized humane work.

Certainly Massachusetts had a record-breaking celebration this year. Governor Ely's fine Proclamation was published in full last month. Excerpts from the state press, elsewhere, indicate the unusual amount of interest shown in all parts of the Commonwealth. Never has there been so great a demand for humane films. The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. reports no less than a total of forty exhibitions of its two films, "On Behalf of Animals" and "The Bell of Atri." Many of these were in

schools, some in churches, some before Granges and other societies.

Humane Day in Schools, set for April 20, was generally observed either on that or some other convenient date. A program of special exercises was furnished free to about 8,000 teachers of elementary grades throughout the state. In Boston, during Be Kind to Animals Week and the week following, many of the prize-winning posters in the state-wide contest of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. were exhibited in the Fine Arts Department of the Public Library in Copley Square. A few of them are reproduced on this page. They were selected from 5,373 sent in from 395 schools, representing 138 cities and towns. There were 681 bronze medals awarded as first prizes, 706 silver medals as second prizes, and 1,062 subscriptions to *Our Dumb Animals* as honorable mentions.

Among the churches observing Humane Sunday was the Plymouth Congregational,

in Belmont, where the Society's film was shown at the church school; First Congregational, Hyde Park, where the evening service was devoted to "The Gospel for the Animal World," with film exhibition and special music; and Clarendon Congregational, Hyde Park, where humane films were shown.

Addresses in connection with the Week were given in various schools of Greater Boston by President Francis H. Rowley, Miss Ella A. Maryott, and Mrs. Edith W. Clarke of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A.

At South Gardner the Parent-Teacher League held its April meeting in the school auditorium, where the M. S. P. C. A. film was presented, followed by songs and declamations on animal themes by the pupils. In Holyoke the local Museum had special displays to demonstrate the pleasure and profit derived by man through preservation of wild life. In Worcester radio and school talks were given by prominent citi-

zens under the direction of the local Society. In Taunton Mrs. Howard F. Woodward, president of the local Branch S. P. C. A., supervised the distribution of 150 special posters in the schools. In Springfield, the Women's Auxiliary of the M. S. P. C. A. devoted their April meeting to Be Kind to Animals Week, with an address by Secretary Guy Richardson. Humane Day in Schools was observed by special exercises in the School Street school, Fitchburg, under the direction of Mrs. Grace D. Proctor who reports that the teachers and pupils of that school are 100 per cent pledged to kindness to animals.

As usual, the *Christian Science Monitor*, notable among daily papers, carried special articles during the Week. On Wednesday it published a half page of animal pictures taken by members of the Monitor Camera Club.

#### Delaware

The Delaware S. P. C. A. of Wilmington held a public annual meeting in connection with Be Kind to Animals Week. There were talks about school posters and humane work by art and nature supervisors, presentation of banners to Scouts and other organizations, and an address by Edward N. Skipper of the Pennsylvania S. P. C. A.

#### District of Columbia

A radio address and several school talks were given in Washington by Miss Virginia W. Sargent, president of the Animal Relief and Humane Education League, under whose auspices a humane essay contest was conducted for the fifth and sixth grades in the public schools. National kindness posters and a pamphlet of school exercises were freely distributed by the League.

#### Florida

In Jacksonville, through the interest of Miss Eartha M. M. White, there was "something doing" every day of the Week, including school and college talks, an annual pet parade, and, on Saturday, programs in LaVilla and Oakland Parks.

#### Georgia

In few other states were the observances of National Be Kind to Animals Week so generally widespread as in Georgia. The outstanding event, perhaps, was a Humane Education Breakfast at the Piedmont Hotel at Atlanta where fully five hundred guests assembled and heard a galaxy of speakers of state and national distinction. Mrs. Hugh Bradford, president of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, discussed "Humane Education in Relation to World Peace," and Miss Jessie Gray, president of the National Education Association, addressed the audience on the "Value of Humane Education in the Schools."

Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, representative of the American Humane Education Society and state chairman of Georgia, presided at this meeting. Through her untiring efforts, with the cordial co-operation of state chairmen, school superintendents, prominent educators and the press, eighty-six radio and one hundred and ninety-seven school programs were presented during the week. This is a record to be proud of.

#### Hawaii

The Hawaiian Humane Society issued special illustrated circulars, calling attention to Humane Week both in the English and the Japanese languages.

#### Iowa

In Sioux City Girl Scouts of Troop 20,

under the direction of Mrs. William Ayers, all members of the local Animal Shelter, staged a demonstration of caring for animals and applying "first aid" to injured dogs.

#### New Hampshire

A public meeting was held by the New Hampshire Anti-Vivisection League at Manchester, in honor of the Week, and humane posters and literature were freely distributed throughout the city. School talks were given in Manchester and towns in northern New Hampshire by Miss Lucia F. Gilbert of the American Humane Education Society. The N. H. Humane Society distributed 200 posters to libraries and schools throughout the state.

#### New York

A feature of the celebration in Syracuse, N. Y., was the public presentation of two medals to an English setter named "Byng," by J. Henry Cassidy, managing director of the Syracuse S. P. C. A. The medals were awarded by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Association. In the presence of a large group of school children "Byng" received the decorations. A short time before he saved his master's life by rousing him from sleep by his barking and tearing the bed clothing from him when fire swept through the house.

"This really was a case of kindness to animals," said Mr. Cassidy, "when one learns that the dog's master insisted that his dog be rescued by the firemen first and he after, as he realized that he owed his life to the dog."

#### Pennsylvania

The Women's Pennsylvania S. P. C. A. held a record-breaking observance in Philadelphia, where 500 posters were placed, broadcasts were given over four radio stations, window displays were provided for the large department stores and in one of them a mass meeting, attended by 2,000 persons, was held; a motor parade was staged on Friday, and the annual children's party, with a very large attendance, was held on Saturday.

In Pittsburgh the Western Pennsylvania Humane Society carried on an intensive campaign, awarding medals to hero dogs, presenting numerous radio talks, holding a special pet show, and exhibiting humane posters received as the result of a school contest in which 2,400 pupils participated.

#### South Carolina

Governor Blackwood issued a proclamation calling on South Carolina to observe Humane Week.

Through the efforts of Seymour Carroll, field representative of the American Humane Education Society, an immense amount of newspaper publicity was secured, especially in the Negro press of the entire Southland. In Columbia, a special musical program, with 100 students singing Negro spirituals and a humane education address by Professor Andrew J. Simmons, was held on Humane Sunday in the college auditorium. Several radio talks were given by prominent citizens of Columbia.

#### Texas

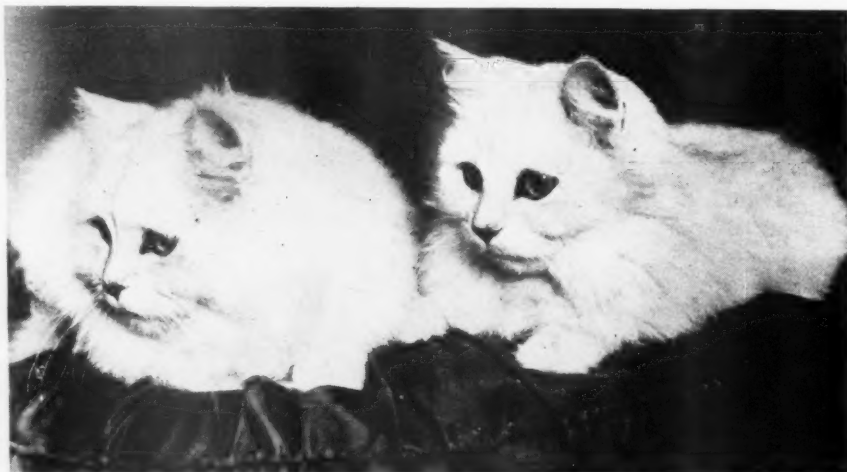
In commemoration of the Week a beautiful bronze statue of a dog was presented to the children's room of the public library of Denver, Colorado, by Theo. D. Meyer, president of the Humane Defense League, Houston, and dedicated to Edwin Kirby Whitehead, outstanding proponent of child and animal protection of Denver. Mr. Meyer arranged the celebration of the Week in Houston, with programs in schools and libraries.

The work among the Negroes was supervised by F. Rivers Barnwell of Fort Worth, field representative of the American Humane Education Society, who conducted two special services on Sunday, one at Mt. Gil-ead Baptist church and one at Como Heights, gave talks during the week at various schools where more than 11,000 children were reached, made a radio address, staged a pageant in Greenway Park with Dr. Henry G. Bowden (white) as guest speaker, and arranged for school contests in posters, scrap-books and bird-houses.

The *Weekly Herald* of Yoakum, on April 12, carried a notice of Humane Sunday above its title and made conspicuous editorial comment on its first page.

#### Virginia

Miss Blanche Finley, representing the American Humane Education Society in Richmond, distributed literature to 93 schools, sponsored a prize poster contest for the pupils, displayed humane posters in 27 store windows and exhibited children's posters in several other public places. Rev. J. W. Lemon, in charge of work among the Negroes, reports the best Humane Week yet, with many talks in the schools.



PRIZE WINNERS, OWNED BY MARION F. HOBBS



## I Would Not Wear a Coat of Fur

MINA TITUS

*I could not wear a coat of fur;  
Sad ghosts would haunt me so.  
I'd think of anguished, dying things  
In traps on blood-stained snow.*

*I'd feel the grip of jaws of steel  
On freezing flesh and bone;  
I'd hear the frightened, helpless howls,  
Then piteous, weaker moan.*

*I'd sense the parching thirst, that comes  
To wild things in a trap;  
I'd see the pain-foamed, licking tongue  
Move slower lap by lap.*

*I'd feel its struggling agony  
Through hours of endless length;  
As deeper crimson grew the snow  
And faster ebb'd its strength.*

*I'd see the tortured mother's eyes;  
And pray her gasps might cease,  
Or that the trapper soon would come  
To bring her death's release.*

*I'd think of tiny, baby things  
She left all warm and sleek;  
I'd hear their feeble, hungry cries  
Then see them gaunt and weak.*

*I would not wear a coat of fur,  
Whatever be the style,  
Those little ghosts of tortured things  
Would haunt me all the while.*

## Bird Was Good Samaritan

THE following story of the Good Samaritan among birds is told to Thornton W. Burgess by Mrs. Henry M. Brown of Dana, in the Union, Springfield, Mass.

"During the bitter cold early in January, I saw a starling in a barberry bush near the study window. Evidently he had somewhere found water and taken a bath, for his feathers were stiff and one wing hung down and he seemed unable to close it.

"For ten minutes I watched him working over his feathers with his bill, but with no sign of improvement. Then another starling arrived, hopped about in the bush a bit and finally settled on the branch beside the unhappy one. He nestled close to the drooping wing, opened and spread one of his own wings across the back of the other as a person would use an arm.

"For fully 15 minutes he held the cold one to him. I called my husband to look at them, they seemed so unreal. Not only did No. 2 keep his wing over the other, but used his beak to stroke the head and breast of the other. I watched them until the good Samaritan hopped away. No. 1 then drew his wing into place, shook himself and began to hop about. Presently he flew away."

"He who injures animals that are not injurious, from a wish to give himself pleasure, adds nothing to his own happiness, living or dead, while he who gives no creatures willingly the pain of confinement or death, but seeks the good of all, enjoys bliss without end. . . . The slaughter of animals obstructs the way to heaven."

Laws of Manu, V, 45-48

## The Babe of the Woods

FREDERICK JAY ROGERS

THERE has much been said about the so-called "one buck law." The accompanying picture is a concrete example of how it works. With the instinctiveness of a killer, up goes the rifle at the first sight of a white flag in the woods. A shot! A yell! and from the dell with woe, a deer lies bleeding in the snow. The killer believes of course that he has killed a buck. He watches for a while from where he shot, with finger on the trigger as it gives its last quiver of life and then walks over to discover from a distance that he has killed a doe. He is disgusted and hurries away, fearful that a warden or a real hunter has seen him.

All is quiet now. From a patch of sheltering pine her fawn looks out in fearful amazement for it has not before heard the crack of a rifle. It could not comprehend what had created such a noise in the woods which before was just a rhythm of tunes played by the winds for if there was but the breaking of a twig the mother took it bounding away to some safe retreat. Now, the fawn stood alone, trembling, every muscle in its body was a-quiver. Where was its mother? She had never left it alone before. If it were a child it would cry out, but that is not the way of the babes of the woods. It stood breath-bound with wonder and fear. Soon a midnight blackness came over the earth, for at this time of the year night has no evening and day no morning. Exhausted and trembling the fawn lay down in its tracks for it knew not what else to do. The mystic wind murmured a melody to lull the lonely orphan to sleep. Soon the mother of night held her torch above the sleeping forest should the babe in the wood waken in fitful dreams of its mother and be not frightened in its deep, dry-eyed grief.

Man must go on with his killing. Kill, he thinks, "for the torso of the doe is tireless, and the loins of the buck are strong."

Deep in the soundless grotto of pines, until this day far from the sinister smell of man, the fawn had made its bed in the dry, powdery snow which it warmed with its own body. The pine needles seemed stirred with prayer for surely nothing dies but that something mourns? The hunter who had shot the doe slept peacefully until daylight.

Fearful of the night the fawn lay on its white couch until the first golden rays of the rising sun pointed the tops of the towering pines on the hill tops. Tired and hungry it sought the presence of its mother. Stealthily and cautiously it peeked from behind low branches of jack-pine. Alert and listening, its small nostrils extended into the wind to get a scent of its mother. Little did it know of her fate.

With growing hunger gnawing at its vitals, the fawn moved from place to place. It was long past its feeding time, for it was late dropped and not yet weaned. Tan and white spots still appeared on its body although it was November. There it stood for the first time alone in a world where the weak have an incessant struggle to eat and avoid being eaten.



"THE FAWN NUZZLED THE UDDER OF THE MOTHER"

There was grace and youthful beauty in its fur coat. The delicate and sleek lines of its contour, the tan gold on its sides mingled with the white spots made by the tears of its mother in travail blended beautifully with sticks, leaves and golden sunlight so that you may pass within a few feet of the fawn who knew no other refuge than its speed and not detect it.

After two days of wandering the fawn brushed through the low branches of the jack-pines, stopped to listen, then stole along craftily a few yards farther to a piece of slashing where tender shoots of moose-wood grew. It had seen its mother nibble these succulent shoots while the fawn played with its shadow in the open sunlight.

Suddenly it spied the prostrate form of its mother lying in the cold snow. Swift as the winds it bounded to her. It nuzzled the udder of the mother but found not the warm life-giving nourishment as it had always found before. Instead it found the mother as cold as the ground on which it had lain for the past few days. In utter despair it cuddled close to her prostrate form, wondering, and waiting for the caresses which it always received when it was for only a few minutes out of her sight. It was more pitiful to see this babe of the woods than the tender, tearful smile of a human mother who for the first time gently pushes back the longing, hungry lips of her as yet unweaned infant.

By chance a conservation warden discovered this tragedy just outside the State Ogemaw Game Refuge in Michigan in November 1933. Do you believe in protecting the babes of the wood?

When a snake is getting ready to lose his skin, he is unable to see for a few days, does not eat, and is sluggish, but afterward he is ravenously hungry.

## Our Dumb Animals The Audubon Societies and Their Rainey Wild Life Sanctuary

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor  
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

JUNE, 1934

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for Our Dumb Animals are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

### The Zoo

SOME criticism having been passed upon the narrowness of the quarters provided for some of the animals in the great London Zoo by the author elsewhere referred to in this issue, E. V. Lucas, the secretary of the Zoological Gardens, Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell, says: "Criticism is very good for us, and is often specially welcome to me, as I am, and always have been, in great doubt about the basal principle of keeping animals in captivity. I need hardly tell you that neither my colleagues on the Council, nor my assistants here, share these sentimental heresies!"

He also says, "By all means hit us hard when you think it useful. But if the complaint be one capable of remedy, within the limits that we do keep wild animals in captivity, it would be very nice of you to give me the chance of finding the remedy before you chastise us in public."

This, at least, is evidence that so distinguished a zoologist as Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell has his doubts about the wisdom of keeping animals in captivity.

A Kindness Club. That's what they have in a great public school in Chelsea. Mr. Leo P. Casey, principal, teachers and nearly a thousand pupils are members. The officers are pupils. The president of our Society was at the school recently when the Society's two films were shown and spoke briefly. If only every school had a Kindness Club with principal, teachers and pupils all members!

After protecting the Roosevelt elk of the Olympic peninsula for years an open season was declared in March and in went the hunters, slaughtering without mercy. So tame were these elk that it was like shooting down a flock of helpless sheep. This is one of the tragedies of so-called wild life protection. Will the State of Washington continue to permit this cruelty in the future? It would seem to be up to the state game commission.

Kindness to animals is not mere sentiment, but a requisite of even a very ordinary education. Nothing in arithmetic, or grammar or any branch of study is so important for a child to learn as humaneness.

It seems a pity that The National Association of Audubon Societies, whose avowed object is "To Stimulate the Public Conscience on the Subject of Preserving the Wild Birds and Valuable Mammals of the Country," should think it necessary to resort to the cruelties of the steel trap throughout the vast area, 42 square miles, of this well-known Louisiana Sanctuary. Yet on this Sanctuary during the past five years 289,940 muskrat, mink, raccoon and opossum have been killed by these traps. The profits from the Sanctuary, under the term "Rentals" is stated at \$100,000. What other profits come from the Sanctuary, beside that from the sale of pelts, we do not find in the annual report.

The deed of gift transferring to the Audubon Societies the Sanctuary, defines a Sanctuary for Wild Life as "a place of refuge wherein the killing, trapping or destruction by any means of wild birds and wild mammals shall not be permitted." The deed of gift does, however, provide that "if any form of such life, birds or otherwise, shall at any time be found by the said donor to be obnoxious and injurious and detrimental to other forms of animal life, bird or otherwise, the said donor shall in its discretion have the right to eliminate or destroy the form of animal life so found injurious or detrimental and to this end shall have the right to grant hunting or trapping privileges, or otherwise provide for the destruction of the aforesaid animal life."

Is this trapping necessary? There is, without question, a wide difference of opinion. A gentleman who, with Mr. Rainey originally owned the entire property, and who sold his share to Mr. Rainey's sister, the donor, and who still owns a wide stretch of territory adjoining the Rainey Sanctuary, and which territory, he says, "harbors many times more ducks than the Audubon property," writes, "muskrats do not, in any way, destroy duck food. They destroy some goose food, but not enough to be a menace to the goose food supply. Muskrats do not eat goose flesh of any kind." He further says, "If the proper amount of water is put upon this property to make it most valuable for wild fowl and birds" the flooding will drown out the roots of the three-cornered grass on the roots of which the muskrats feed, "but in its place will grow a large variety of underwater plants that are of far greater value to wild fowl, generally speaking, than three-cornered grass which is eaten only by certain geese and muskrats." It is his assertion, also, that "Nature provides for taking care of the too great increase of muskrats by afflicting them with a plague which almost wipes out the race when it reaches what we call the peak stage. Then they start again from a comparatively small number and build up through a period of from seven to nine years." He concludes his letter with the following: "I am in favor of trapping muskrats by any means when the rats are numerous enough to make the trapping advisable, but this property which was donated for a wild life refuge should not be operated as a muskrat ranch to the detriment of the birds."

It is certainly devoutly to be wished that, either by stopping the trapping for a few years, or flooding the upper and lower levels, as suggested, it may be found that this killing in five years by the cruel trap of 289,940 furbearing animals (57,988 a year) can be abandoned. It would be a cause of rejoicing to all lovers of Nature's wild life.

### Bangor, Maine

The Bangor Humane Society must certainly be classed among those organizations that did a remarkably fine piece of work during Be Kind to Animals Week. The broadcasts were excellent and the poster contest and the essays by the children deserve space in *Our Dumb Animals* that we wish we had to give them. We extend, however, our sincere congratulations to Miss Gladys F. Taggett, humane education secretary.

### The Parson and the Pigeons

We are sure there are many parsons who are interested in animals. However, so few of them apparently, from all we can hear, had anything to say on Humane Sunday that we are confident that there must be at least some of them very unlike that celebrated parson who is known as St. Francis of Assisi. This leads us to quote the following, written to that distinguished author, Mr. E. V. Lucas, in a letter from A. W. Pinero:

"St. Francis fed pigeons whenever he see 'em,  
But I saw a parson today  
What sat on the steps of the British Museum  
And frightened the pigeons away."

### From Governor Horner

In response to an appeal from Mrs. Jennie R. Toomim, field worker of the American Humane Education Society, Governor Henry Horner of Illinois wrote the following:

It is with renewed pleasure that this year again, I offer my hearty endorsement of your appeal for public observance of Be Kind to Animals Week.

Your organization and associated groups cannot be too highly commended for their efforts to enlist the sympathy and interest of all citizens, and particularly our children, in according justice and kindness and tenderness to dumb and domesticated animals. The influence of such sentiments unquestionably contributes to the strengthening of those humane instincts which the people of our nation have always proudly possessed.

With the best of good wishes to your worthy purposes, believe me,

Sincerely yours,

HENRY HORNER  
Governor

### N. Y. League Presents Medal

"Chingy," a yellow dog whose barking enabled many tenants to escape from the burning tenement at 40 East 7th Street, New York City, received a medal from the New York Women's League for Animals, last March, the presentation being by Mrs. J. D. Prince, president of the League, at the Ellin Prince Speyer Hospital for Animals.





Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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### MONTHLY REPORT OF SOCIETY AND BRANCHES

Miles traveled by humane officers	14,711
Cases investigated	480
Animals examined	5,446
Animals placed in homes	166
Lost animals restored to owners	33
Number of prosecutions	8
Number of convictions	8
Horses taken from work	22
Horses humanely put to sleep	52
Small animals humanely put to sleep	1,459

#### Stock-yards and Abattoirs

Animals inspected	38,247
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	53

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the will of Mrs. Lydia Cameron Rogers Sedgwick of Stockbridge.

May 8, 1934.

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us upon application.

### ANGELL MEMORIAL ANIMAL HOSPITAL

#### and Dispensary for Animals

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Longwood 6100  
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THEODORE W. PEARSON, *General Manager*

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A. R. EVANS, V.M.D.

H. L. SMEAD, D.V.M.

### HOSPITAL REPORT FOR APRIL

#### Including Springfield Branch

Hospital		Dispensary	
Cases entered	750	Cases	2,243
Dogs	564	Dogs	1,820
Cats	174	Cats	368
Horses	4	Birds	49
Birds	4	Horses	3
Rabbits	2	Rabbits	3
Goat	1		
Monkey	1		

Operations 990

Hospital cases since opening, Mar.

1, 1915 ..... 119,480

Dispensary Cases ..... 275,487

Total ..... 394,967

#### The Month in the Springfield Branch

Cases entered in Hospital	117
Cases entered in Dispensary	299
Operations	140

### MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. IN THE COURTS

#### Summary of Prosecutions in April

For cruelly beating a race-horse, a defendant pleaded not guilty but was convicted and fined \$25. He appealed and in Superior Court pleaded *nolo*, was found guilty but fine was reduced to \$10.

Two defendants from New York State engaged in the transport of calves by motor truck were arraigned for cruelty to the animals. They pleaded *nolo* and each was fined \$25.

For cruelty to his dog which consisted in tying it to the rear of his auto and dragging it three-quarters of a mile, the owner was fined \$25.

Over-driving a horse which wore blinders so tight as to cause inflammation of one eye, defendant was fined \$25 and given a month's time to pay fine.

For underfeeding forty-five head of cattle, which were emaciated and starving, owner was given a sentence of two months at House of Correction.

The seller at private sale of a horse that was unfit for labor by reason of debility and old age pleaded guilty in court and was fined \$10.

For cruelly shooting a dog and leaving it alive to die of wounds inflicted, defendant convicted and fined \$25.

A similar case of cruelly maiming a dog, by shooting two bullets into its body and leaving it to drag itself home, resulted in a \$25 fine for the offender.



### "Max Kazan Marsh"

THIS picture of a beloved dog, "Max Kazan," came to us from Lou Morris College, Jacksonville, Texas, sent by his mistress, Mrs. Alice Marsh. With it came \$35 endowing a kennel in his memory for a year. Max Kazan came to Mrs. Marsh as an outlaw puppy, discarded by his owner. Hungry and desolate he wandered one morning into the yard of Mrs. Marsh. At once they found they were made for each other. He proved not only to possess unusual intelligence, but gentleness and fidelity personified. To tiny things like chickens, rabbits and kittens he was an unfailing friend.

### Successful Hospitality Day

Nearly 200 women responded to the invitation to the annual Hospitality Day of the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., held at the Angell Animal Hospital building, April 11, from 1 to 5 P. M. There was bridge, in charge of Mrs. Avarad Nichols, and afternoon tea, in charge of Mrs. Arthur W. Hurlburt. Mrs. Charles C. Hoyt was chairman of the hostesses, while Mrs. Edith Washburn Clarke, president, was general chairman of the affair. Music was by Miss Katherine Beals Perkins, harpist. Many of the guests were greatly interested in visiting the Hospital, where they were shown over the clinics and various wards in which animals suffering from automobile accidents, distemper and other ills are cared for. The Auxiliary held its annual business meeting and banquet at Hotel Kenmore, Boston, May 23.

In striving against cruelty, in pleading the cause of animals, you further the education of childhood and the uplifting of our poor humanity.

CARDINAL MERCIER

More friends are needed to endow stalls and new kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payments of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels will be given upon application to the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell Incorporated 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

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180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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Mrs. Edith Washburn Clarke, *Secretary*  
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#### Field Workers of the Society

Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California  
Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California  
Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Tacoma, Washington  
James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee  
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Seymour Carroll, Columbia, S. C.  
Rev. R. E. Griffith, De Land, Florida

#### Field Representative

Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M.S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

#### Field Lecturer in Massachusetts

Ella A. Maryott

## A Dog Hero

A SHORT time ago some explorers were digging out a part of Pompeii, that city which, many centuries ago, was suddenly destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius. Outside a house they found the body of a small boy looking almost as if he had fallen asleep. The little fellow had been overtaken by the clouds of poison gas and torrents of red-hot ashes from the volcano.

By the side of the boy was a big dog with its teeth caught in his master's cloak. It looked as though the dog had made a great effort to save the boy. Around the dog's neck was a big silver collar. The metal was all tarnished, but when cleaned it was seen to have this inscription in Latin:—

"This dog has thrice saved the life of his little master. Once from fire, once from water, and once from thieves."

Even at this last hour, when destruction poured down from the sky, it was plain that the faithful animal had tried to save his little master a fourth time.

P. B. PRIOR

## Annual Meeting, Fez Fondouk Committee

THE annual meeting of this Committee was held April 24 in the directors' room of the American S. P. C. A., 50 Madison Avenue, New York City. The Annual Report was issued some weeks previously.

Dr. Rowley, president since the Committee was formed, begged to be relieved from the duties involved and was succeeded by Sydney H. Coleman, executive vice-president of the American S.P.C.A. Charles A. Williams was re-elected secretary, and M. E. Lyon, treasurer. The Committee now consists of the following members:

President, Sydney H. Coleman, president, The American Humane Association, executive vice-president, American S. P. C. A., 50 Madison Avenue, New York City; president emeritus, Dr. Francis H. Rowley, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston, Mass.; vice-president, Mrs. C. F. Bishop, 15 East 67th St., New York, Hotel Ritz, Paris; secretary, Charles A. Williams, 2 Boulevard de l'Observatoire (Condamine), Monaco, Principauté de Monaco; treasurer, M. E. Lyon, 2 Wall Street, New York; directors, the above-named and General Comte Adelbert de Chambrun, 58, Rue Vaugirard, Paris; Comtesse Longworth de Chambrun, 58, Rue Vaugirard, Paris; The Hon. Percival P. Baxter, Portland, Maine; Mrs. Homer Gage, 8 Chestnut Street, Worcester, Mass.; Mrs. Newbold Morris, 1081 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Mrs. R. M. Riccard, Hawthornden, So. Molton, England; and Mrs. Orme Wilson, 3 East 64th Street, New York City.

Contributions hereafter may be sent to M. E. Lyon, treasurer.

#### Report for March, 1934 — 31 Days

	Francs
Daily average large animals	38.8
Forage for same	1,256.50
Daily average dogs	5.9
Forage for same	56.75
Large animals humanely put to sleep	18 150.00
Transportation	126.00
Wages, grooms, etc.	1,394.00
Inspector's wages	434.00
Superintendent's salary	2,400.00
Assistant's salary	1,250.00
Veterinary's salary	400.00
Motor allowance	250.00
Sundries	403.50
	8,121.25
	or \$537.83*

Entries: 8 horses, 10 mules, 28 donkeys.  
Exits: 3 horses, 15 mules, 22 donkeys.

Monthly Report of Supt.'s assistant, and inspector: Visits to 70 native fondouks, the two markets for animals held twice weekly, and distances walked throughout the Souks and the Medina, the Mellah, the Ville Nouvelle, where are the police headquarters, and the Batha Division. Kilometers traveled, 264; visits, 632; animals seen, 8,106; animals treated, 2,158; animals transferred, 23.

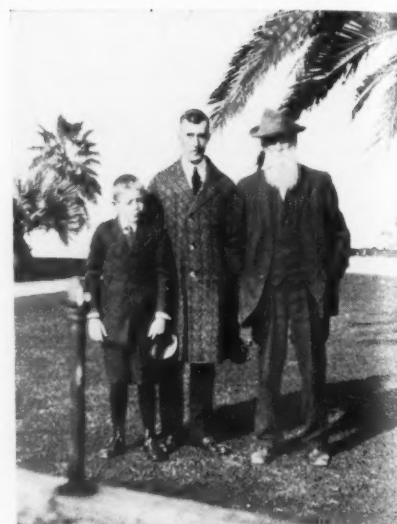
SUPT.'S NOTE: Less visits to the native fondouks because of the big Arab feast, and few animals in town because of the bad weather.

\* At the former value of the dollar \$324.85 would have gone as far as \$537.83 does now.

## Retired Workers' Fund

We are receiving gifts to the American Humane Education Society as a trust fund, the interest to be used for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in promoting humane education.

We will welcome your contribution to this fund. Please make checks payable to Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.



## The Last Photo of John Burroughs

SHELBY E. SOUTHARD

HERE is reproduced (for the first time) the last photograph ever taken of John Burroughs, America's most beloved naturalist. It was snapped by Mr. Albert E. Stillman at Mr. Stillman's home in San Diego, California, just a short time before Mr. Burroughs died over ten years ago. Perhaps the greatest friend wild life has ever had in America, John Burroughs will be remembered as long as kindly men stoop to render aid to their stricken companions in the more lowly forms of life. At Slabsides, his picturesque natural home, John Burroughs befriended the birds and wrote in simple but exquisite prose of their plight. These writings had a profound effect on American public opinion, and to them many observers trace the trend toward legislation in defense of birds and animals threatened with extinction by thoughtless hunters.

Burroughs was never a fanatic on the subject, but his kindly logic prevailed on minds when ranting would have had no influence. A lovable man, who saw only a sweet adventure in the business of living from day to day, Burroughs found his happiness in the simplicity of his life, which he made a very complete success without submitting to the feverish rule of modern intercourse. For him the world was a natural creation whose beauty he and his own kind were doing more to tear down and disrupt than any of nature's other children. His forceful writings remain and will remain classics of modern persuasion toward the belief that mankind is only a sharer of this planet and its benefits along with the birds and beasts and all creation. Some day we, too, must humbly submit to this view.

## Friends

"The bluff, cheery optimism of the late Senator Frye," said a friend, "could not brook a whiner. Once at a dinner a whiner seated opposite Senator Frye said dolefully, 'I have only one friend on earth—my dog.' 'Why don't you get another dog?' said Senator Frye."

## Chicago's Unusual Kindness Program

**B**OTH humane and educational interests united in presenting one of the best programs yet attempted in Chicago during Be Kind to Animals Week. Mrs. Jennie R. Toomim, who represents the American Humane Education Society of Boston, had the whole-hearted co-operation of school authorities and humane officials, who graciously paid fine recognition to the occasion in daily broadcasts from the leading radio stations.

An essay contest in the schools was highly successful. Sixty-seven cash prizes donated by Mr. Geo. A. H. Scott of the Illinois Humane Society, and twenty-five honorable mentions contributed by our American Humane Education Society, were awarded.

The list of speakers over the radio was a notable one. It included among others Dr. Preston Brown of the People's Church of Chicago; Mrs. Irene Castle McLaughlin of "Orphans of the Storm;" President John J. Roberts of the Anti-Cruelty Society; Hon. Barratt O'Hara, distinguished lawyer and former Lieut. Governor of Illinois, and Mr. Peter A. Mortensen, Superintendent of the Chicago Parental School.

While the press of Chicago gave most liberal space to the activities of the Week we are privileged to publish in this issue extracts from two of the addresses.

### Mr. O'Hara's Address

Mr. O'Hara said, in part:

We, owe much, my friends, to our dumb animals. We owe much to Mr. George T. Angell, who in 1868 stepped out from the beaten paths to say a word for those who could not speak for themselves but served us so faithfully and with no consideration of compensation. The great heart and the understanding intellect of Mr. Angell went into the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the American Humane Education Society. Splendidly has this Society gone on during the years, for you and for me, for human-kind as well as animal-kind, and to this Society are we indebted for the inauguration and the continuance of a "Be Kind to Animals Week." Today is the beginning of the twentieth anniversary of this week, dedicated to understanding, to brotherhood and to kindness. I know of no better way to uphold the hand of humanity's President in the White House, to advance the cause of a new philosophy of business and of government that is more in conformity with the kindly sentiments of human hearts and of souls, than by joining whole-heartedly in the observance of this week, dedicated to kindness, not restricted, but expressed to every form of life that must come from the common source of all life. In the New Day we are to reach contentment, to pass by untouched by the pretenses and to find in the simplicities the great thrill of human lives lived to their fullest measure, we must travel together in brotherhood the road of kindness. Be kind to a dog, be kind to a cat, be kind to a horse, be kind to any animal that we call dumb, and who seeks only to serve and thus to be kind to you, and you have found the way to this path of contentment, this path of contentment that is paved with deeds of kindness to every form of life provided by an all wise Providence. . . .

If we wish to serve in this most inter-

esting period of history, in this time of the changing of a philosophy of individual aggrandizement to a philosophy of universal unselfishness, we can serve, each of us in our humble place, by observing this "Be Kind to Animals Week" in spirit and in letter.

### Mr. Mortensen's Address

Mr. Mortensen's subject was, "Stressing Kindness as a Crime Deterrent." He said:

Because of long years devoted to dealing with wayward children, I shall use the term "Delinquency" instead of "Crime." We no longer emphasize the specific act, in violation of Law, but study the general attitude of a child, and designate a failure to adjust to normal conditions as "Delinquency."

If all homes were good homes, and all communities were good neighborhoods; if all fathers and mothers were trained in the duties and responsibilities of parent-hood; if no little ones came into homes of vice, filth and crime; if there were no broken homes, no infidelity, no nagging, and no economic stress and strain, there would be less delinquency.

Even in good homes, where both parents co-operate, it is not easy to make all children polite, obedient and kind. We have come up from a lower standard of civilization, and there is still the tendency to hark back to the primitive. There is in some, the instinct of the savage,—the tendency to fight and quarrel,—to be cruel and unkind.

Training and education, ethics and religion, tend to enable little citizens to live together harmoniously, and efficiently,—to be happy, considerate and kind. The great mass of citizens live together in harmony, help each other, enjoy each other's society, and tend to make progress. They present no behavior problems, and cause parents, teachers and the community no concern.

On the other hand, the child who is stubborn, disobedient, dishonest, cruel, unsocial and self-centered, is not only his own enemy, but is in conflict with home, school and the community. We seek to help him adjust in his group, by linking him to the interests of his companions and to his daily contacts. We build him up physically, mentally and morally, by every known device. But, especially we look to his emotions, that impelling force, that determines most of his actions.

Too often we conclude that education is merely a training of the intellect. You can put that on a report card. It is less easy to measure achievement in the development of the emotions—in the growth of character.

Deep, hidden in the heart of the child may still lie the springs of selfishness, cruelty and inhumanity. A real education develops justice, compassion and character.

Teach kindness and an interest in the Life of the air, the earth and the sea. For the sake of the animals? Yes, but more for the sake of the

child. The song of a bird, the chirp of a cricket, the peep of a downy chick, the antics of the lowly worm and the bark of a playmate dog, arouse an emotion in the child that makes for character. A child trained to treat animals fairly, kindly and sympathetically, will grow to treat his fellows generously and with courtesy.

*"Life with all it yields of joy or woe,  
And hope and fear,  
Is just our chance o' the prize of learning  
love,  
How love might be, hath been indeed, and  
is."*

### "Kurt" of Lindenwood

It is not often that a college president goes out of his way to pay marked tribute to a dog, even to his own dog. There are exceptions. Ex-president Lowell of Harvard was one—his touching comments on the late "Phantom" were printed in these columns some months ago. Now comes a pathetic letter from President John L. Roemer of Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., which reads in part:

"On April 15 our beloved police dog "Kurt" passed away, dying in the office of his master, with his big head in my hands.

"A touching incident in his quietly passing out was the Vesper Choir in their recessional, singing before the office door where Kurt lay dying, 'He Leadeth Me.'"

"Numbers of children in St. Louis and St. Charles would be pleased to have *Our Dumb Animals* make mention of the noble fellow whom they knew either from their text-book or in person. The dog's obituary appeared in all St. Louis and St. Charles papers.

"The paper Kurt loved to carry from my office to Mrs. Roemer was *Our Dumb Animals*, and the office force always spoke of it as Kurt's paper."

The text-book referred to is "Doorway to English," in which Kurt is described as the mascot of the girls of Lindenwood College. The dog comes of a high pedigree and came to the college in 1921, two months after his birth. His full name is "Kurt von Lindenholz," meaning Kurt of Lindenwood, a most appropriate one considering the great affection in which he was held during the thirteen years of his life at the college. Yet he was distinctly a "one man dog," always accompanying Dr. Roemer and refusing to respond to the advances of the girls. One of his duties was to go with the night watchman on his patrol. Kurt will be sadly missed by all connected with Lindenwood. *Our Dumb Animals* joins in mourning the passing of a noble animal.



"KURT VON LINDENHOLZ"



## Let Us Not Hurt

ELLA C. FORBES

*Let us not hurt the little, harmless creatures;*

*They have the right to live, like you and I.  
There is, already, for the little fellows  
So much of cruelty.*

*Theirs is the footstep never free from caution;*

*The fear that lays its clutch upon the heart,  
The strain of eye and ear for lurking danger,  
The terror-stricken start.*

*Let us be kindly then, to fur and feather;  
The little things that have no power to speak.*

*We are so strong; with us the more advantage;  
They are so small and weak.*

## No Kicking Allowed up There

CARROLL VAN COURT

*There was a man in our town,  
Who used to beat his horse;  
He also kicked his dog around,  
And never felt remorse.*

*He died and went to heaven, and  
St. Peter said, "I fear  
"If we should let you enter that  
"You wouldn't like it here!"*

## Did This Horse Think?

R. G. SEBRING

ON the farm we once had a horse that developed the habit of getting out of the stable unassisted. After having been tied securely to the manger with a halter strap and with the stable door closed and latched, he would free himself, and later we would find him prowling about the yard with the halter strap dangling loose from the halter. This occurred several times.

One day I decided to find out how he accomplished this feat. Concealing myself in the stable I watched long and patiently, but to no avail. He was a sly old rogue and never attempted to free himself while I was there, probably having sensed my presence in the stable.

I tried again. This time I stealthily approached the stable from the outside and peered through a crack.

We usually tied the halter strap in a half bow-knot, leaving the end of the strap hanging loose.

Before long I saw the horse seize the end of the strap with his teeth and pull out the loop. Thus free, he walked around to the stable door where he fumbled with the latch until he slid it back, then walked out.

Unknown to us he had probably watched us tie and untie the strap many times as well as latch and unlatch the door. And while such things as knots and latches present no problem to the human mind, they are so decidedly outside the province of a horse's mind, that it seemed a bit of clever equestrian thinking on his part to be able to extricate himself unassisted.

## Deer Have Severe Winter

EDWARD J. G. TUCKER

WE are so used to the "hunter and hunted" relationship between man and deer that it comes as a pleasant surprise to read of the hunted running to the hunter for food, and protection against the ravages of wolves. Animal lovers, especially, will be touched by this account from the north of Canada of a common bond between man and animal in isolated settlements.

In the outposts of the North, settlers have found times very hard owing to the long severe winter and the heavy fall of snow. This year, too, the deer have found food scarce due to the heavy snowfall. An even greater danger than starvation faces these defenseless animals when the snow is very deep. It then becomes almost impossible for the timid creatures to escape from an enemy common to man and beast alike—the northern timber wolf.

Driven by hunger and fear of the wolves, the deer have come into the settled districts of the north for food and shelter. So tame have they become that they have remained near the settlements and have even eaten without fear from the hands of boys and girls. The animals seem to know that they will be protected and cared for until the snow goes and the green buds and tender shoots upon which they feed, begin to sprout.

The deep snow handicaps the deer in its flight to such an extent that boys on snowshoes have been able to catch them on the run, as they flounder through drifts. Here we see one lad who has caught up to a deer. The boys do not harm them but let them go after feeding them.

One northern settler relates that he has had difficulty in shooing the deer off his property and one evening two of them surprised his wife and children while at their meal by looking in through an open kitchen window.

The Department of Game and Fisheries



THE BOYS LET THE DEER GO  
AFTER FEEDING THEM

keeps a protecting eye upon these animals. Recently a game overseer was sent up north to check up on reports on the scarcity of food for the deer and to leave hay for them on the clearings, if necessary.

A memorial drinking fountain for horses, at the junction of Wawona Street and the Great Highway, was recently dedicated by the San Francisco S. P. C. A. It will serve many saddle horses on this bridle path.



"Betsy Easom"

BETSY EASOM" who died at the age of ten, March last, was the beloved pet of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Easom of San Diego, Cal.

Betsy would never associate with other dogs. She knew many words and her master avows that she would clearly say, "No, I won't." Her outstanding accomplishment, however, was actually playing her own accompaniment and singing her song. She knew that this pleased her friends and would run at once to the bench and beg that it be drawn forward, so she could play and sing. Her voice would run from low to high and her paws would go violently over the keys just as she had seen the hands of her beloved mistress do. When she had finished she would jump down and await the applause, and as quickly jump to her place and repeat the act, expressing her pleasure as definitely as would a child who enjoys showing off.

The grief in the household and among her friends is as deep and genuine as though Betsy were indeed in human form—so human, so loving, so beloved. The following lines were written by a friend in her memory.

### Little Betsy Easom

*I know you are safe, but I miss you,  
I know you are free from all pain;  
I know, though my heart be aching,  
That my loss is only your gain.*

*The joys of which you were the center!  
The laughter entwined with your bark!  
Yes, I shall miss you at daybreak and sunset,  
Without you the way will seem dark.*

*But Betsy, my Betsy, I'm knowing  
All life is a spark of that One,  
So your life cannot end with this passing,  
Your real life has only begun.*

L. MAUDE ERWIN

## Birds

EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY

*What would we do without the birds  
That come on wings of song?  
A lovely band of many hues  
Like flowers blown along.*

*Yellow or red or blue or brown,  
Or indigo or gray;  
For some are clad in Quaker garb  
Among the vast array.*

*They take possession of each tree,  
And bush and vine and shrub;  
And then begin to rid the earth  
Of ant and worm and grub.*

*Without their efforts humankind  
Would have a barren earth.  
No leaves, no grass, no growing thing,  
No joyous springtime birth.*

*The music which they offer us  
Is sweetest ever heard.  
And for my life I cannot see  
How man can kill a bird.*

## The Pewee

LUCILE BURCH WORDEN

THE greatest thrill nature can hold for us is, perhaps, that elusive unfathomable promise of something in a bird call. First impulse was to say the thrush's call but, after searching meditation, the silvery notes of the thrush run only a close second with the voice of the pewee.

In the early morning or in a moment of twilight hush, this bird's clear plaintive notes command serious attention to every nature attuned ear. For a moment the mere universe about seems a small thing beside this marvelous chime—ringing in a tiny unseen feathered throat. The mountains, the oceans, terrific storms, all the vastness of Mother Nature dazzle us, even appall us at the pettiness of life. But in nature, as in life, it is the small thing that moves us more greatly. The dainty pewee's far off whistle has the power to send a tingle

through us that excites reverence and ambition.

It is, perhaps, on an early fall morning before the business of life is clamoring about, when we are awakened the most thoroughly by the sweet throaty notes of this bird and made to catch our breath in wonder at its symphony of peace and challenge. One is indeed rewarded a pause from the rush of life when he listens to the pewee's singing from its quilted moss covered nest. It makes us feel thoroughly alive and that it is a great privilege to be alive on the same planet with this tiny green-gray fly-catcher and songster.

List!

A "P-l-e-a-s-e."

From those distant trees.

'Tis a pewee's plaintive song

Crying to the dropping leaves.

## Arizona Quail

GRENVILLE T. CHAPMAN

Twenty-five years ago I lived in Arizona and, like many men, was very fond of shooting. One day a friend and I shot a dozen quail and gave them to the girl he was engaged to marry. She invited us to help eat them, but after supper told us never to shoot another quail if we wanted her friendship, or even her acquaintance, because, she said, for every bird we killed one or more wounded ones crawled away into the bushes to die. I had never considered that feature of quail shooting and I never went again.

At a little winter resort hotel some of the guests threw wheat to the quail every evening and, as time passed, more and more quail gathered to eat it. Thousands came every evening, just before sun-down, and made a deafening noise as they called to one another while gathering for their feast. They grew so tame they ate out of our hands. The hotel was out in the desert, twenty-odd miles from the railroad, so the quail were seldom molested and flocks of hundreds of birds were a common sight.

When moving or going away for a holiday, do not be so cruel as to leave your cat without providing for her care.

## Tenement House Birds

WILL HERMAN

A SIGHT rarely seen in America is quite common in the tropics, that of from two to ten families of birds living in one house. The most famous group of tenement house builders are the weaver birds.

There is the buffalo weaver bird which builds one huge house from five to six feet in length and about four to five feet in width. Of course this isn't one nest but a group of from three to nine or ten. Each family has its own private section—but it is built in this fashion for solidity, comfort . . . and perhaps sociability!

But the Sociable Weaver Bird builds the tenement house most deserving of fame. These homes (nests is a weak name for them) are built large enough to house five or six men comfortably; the creatures building them are from five to six inches in length.

Occasionally the homes are so heavy and large that the tree creaks and finally the branch breaks under the weight. As a general rule, the weaver bird selects the Acacia known as Kameel-dorn or camel tree of South Africa. And this tree is tough enough to hold the weight of any home these birds may build—as they so wisely know.

The entire nest is made of a grass which is so strong and wiry that the natives use it in their shields to stop the lances of their enemies! This is woven into a completely rain-proof and wind-proof construction by a single pair of birds. The second season their progeny build an addition—and the original family, too proud to live in their old quarters, build a new addition. The old room is used by insects, bats, and small reptiles.

In this way the home grows regularly, a new addition each season until it is housing close to ten bird families and various other jungle life. After that it is time for a new home which the new generation proceeds to build.

**In making your will, please remember the American Humane Education Society of Boston, the first of its kind in the world.**



BIRD REFUGE AT LAKE MERRITT IN THE HEART OF OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA, WHERE GREAT NUMBERS OF DUCKS AND OTHER BIRDS CONGREGATE AND ARE FED BY CITY AUTHORITIES

## The Band of Mercy

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary  
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

### PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president.

See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

### NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Nine hundred and forty-five new Bands of Mercy were reported during April. Of these, 290 were in Illinois, 240 in New Hampshire, 150 in Florida, 107 in Virginia, 78 in Rhode Island, 37 in Georgia, 26 in Massachusetts, twelve in Pennsylvania, two in Texas, and one each in Missouri, North Carolina, and South Carolina.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 201,919.

## Kind Eyes

JEAN E. CARTH

When whispered word, or discontent  
Would lead me to surmise  
That friends are false, and love untrue—  
I turn to my dog's eyes.

Although I may have been disturbed  
And acted most unwise—  
Devotion still burns steadily  
For me in his dear eyes.

The earth has turned, and many moons  
Have followed his demise;  
But constant as the polar star  
Is love in his kind eyes.

In times of stress and loneliness,  
Or lack in any guise,  
I still can see that tenderness  
Down deep in my dog's eyes.

The annual convention of Humane Societies will be held at Columbus, Ohio, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, October 9-11, 1934.

## Attractive Annuity Bonds

MANY men and women, lovers of animals, are getting both happiness and material comfort from our two Societies' Annuity Bonds. These bonds are absolutely safe and yield a return according to one's age. They make their appeal ordinarily to people over 40 years of age. Send the coupon for a free folder which gives full details. Fill in the coupon and mail it now. The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. (or) The American Humane Education Society 180 Longwood Ave., Boston, Mass.

Without obligation to me, please send me your folder which tells all about your Annuity Bonds.

Name .....  
Age .....  
Address .....  
City ..... State .....



BAND OF MERCY OF COLFAX SCHOOL, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

This club of forty boys from the fifth and sixth grades holds regular meetings when the members learn the habits of animals and birds and listen to nature stories. Photograph by courtesy of the *South Bend Tribune*.

## "Why I Should Be Kind To Animals"

### Humane Essay Contest

THE recent prize essay contest open to boys and girls under sixteen years of age, conducted by the *Boston Sunday Herald*, co-operating with the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., brought an enthusiastic response from all sections of New England, more than 2,000 entries having been received.

This popular contest was featured in the "Good Sport" Department of the *Herald* and carried 49 cash prizes, aggregating \$165 in value, which amount was provided through the Society by a friend who was interested in the extension of humane education. The essays were limited to not more than 300 words and awards were made on the basis of the value of the ideas presented, originality of thought and the manner of presentation, with due weight given the literary merit of the composition. Decision was made by the editor of the *Herald*.

The winners of the four grand prizes were announced on April 22 as follows: 1st, Marabelle Stebbins, age 13, of Newton Centre; 2nd, Mary Craig, age 15, of Waltham; 3rd, Robert McLaughlin, age 16, of Laconia, N. H.; 4th, Shirley E. Evans, age 13, of Amesbury, who received \$25, \$20, \$15, and \$10 respectively. The entries of these contestants were published in the *Herald* and the first prize winner had the distinction of broadcasting her essay over a local radio station.

Congratulations are due to the *Sunday Herald* for conducting so fine a humane educational project in its "Good Sport" Department.

### First Prize Essay

The following essay, by Marabelle Stebbins, age 13, won the first prize of \$25 cash: Dear Editor:

As a Girl Scout and an interested member of the Good Sport Club, this is not the first time I have thought about being kind to animals, but I don't believe I have ever gone deeply into the reasons before.

How could we live without animals? We would miss the happy times with playful kittens in the house, and frisky puppies

romping through the woods. We depend upon our animals for sympathy and friendship that can come only from dumb and defenseless creatures. If we were cruel to our pets we should miss all this.

I think we are repaid for every kindness we do. We throw crumbs to our feathered friends while the ground is covered with snow, and enjoy the beautiful melodies of the song thrush and the lark all summer long. The squirrels will leap from tree to tree, chattering gaily, and even the bluejay adds a touch of color, in harmony with the flash of a tanager's wing, as they feed in the cherry tree.

When we feel sad or lonely, what can be quicker than a kitten to purr out his sympathy, or a dog to lick our hands, and to look at us, mute, indeed, but with eyes full of love and devotion?

By each little act of kindness to an animal we are building in ourselves something stronger and better, more worthy to aid humanity. On the other hand each cruel or thoughtless deed corrupts our whole nature.

A beautiful reason why we should be kind to animals is given by Coleridge:

*He prayeth well, who loveth well  
Both man, and bird, and beast.*

*He prayeth best, who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.*

## "Wouldn't Be Without It"

This, from Mrs. Eleanor S. Brownell of Riverhead, N. Y., is but one of many similar letters that come to our office:

Dear Sirs:—Enclosed please find \$1 for renewal of my subscription to *Our Dumb Animals*. I couldn't teach without its splendid influence for good on my dear children. If I didn't teach, I wouldn't be without it in my home either. I will do all I can to further this worthy cause you represent.

A display of literature and posters from the American Humane Education Society, Boston, was one of the features at the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, held at Des Moines, Iowa, May 13-19, of which Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols is chairman of humane education.



# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## Jenny Wren

ELLA C. FORBES

*Here's little Jenny all so sweet,  
In natty suit of brown;  
She's quite a social figure  
In the whirl of Feather Town.*

*Her home is all a home should be;  
A model nest—but then,  
You'd never find it otherwise  
With little Jenny Wren.*

*Serene and stout, she hops about,  
A worthy little birdie,  
And if her children favor her  
They should be plump and sturdy.*

*Her eyes are clear and quick and bright,  
Her neatness an obsession,  
For nothing's ever out of place  
With Jenny in possession.*

## The Little Friend of All the World

WITH regard to the habits and disposition of the female milch goat, much may be said in her favor. With her face and dress always neat, she is the tidiest and daintiest eater of the animal family. She is very particular about her food and will eat nothing that is soiled or tainted. When pastured she delights in picking a morsel here and there, changing from grass to the sweet tender shoots of weeds and bushes, and nipping off the tender buds and leaves of young trees. A grown animal, while browsing, will sometimes stand erect and nip a leaf six feet from the ground.

The milch goat is gentle, playful and intelligent, and the readiness with which she accommodates herself to any situation in which she may be placed is most remarkable. Whether turned loose on a common, or out in a yard, or tethered on a grass-plot with a "lean-to" for a shelter, or confined in a stable and stall-fed, she seems equally content and grateful for the very few favors she usually receives.



A LITTLE FRIEND OF THE SILKY FLEECE

## Foster Mothers to a Robin

RALPH T. CASE

ABOUT a year ago, some boys brought a tiny robin to a friend of mine. Not having the time to give the baby bird proper care, she was on her way to release it in the yard with the faint hope that it might be able to survive, when I offered to provide foster mothers for the feathered orphan. My two daughters of seven and ten were very willing to sanction my action, having happy memories of a similar experience several years earlier.

A cage-home was provided where the baby robin could be comfortable on a perch between meals. Then food was the constant quest of the whole household, for the robin ate at half-hour intervals. Fishworms and tiny strips of liver, camouflaged as worms, helped to satisfy the enormous appetite of the star boarder. Also bread soaked in sour milk seemed to qualify instead of worms when necessary.

After a couple of weeks of feeding by hand, it was a great day for all when the robin was taken out into the garden and placed on the ground near a wriggling, luscious worm. For a moment the bird eyed it, little head cocked to one side, then a quick pounce and the worm was gone. The robin's saucy air seemed to indicate a new-found sense of independence. For two or three days the garden cafeteria service continued for part of the meals, then to the dismay of the foster mothers, the cocky little robin flew off to a near-by tree. The next evening the orphan tried his wings again, and the two girls went to bed at last, feeling that their little charge was indeed grown up. A hard rain blew up late that evening, dashing and beating with fury. All the household worried as to the fate of the little waif in the storm. The father of the family went out at ten-thirty, just to see if perchance some sign of the little truant might be evident. And the first beam of the flashlight, directed to the ground under a dripping tree, revealed perky Master Robin, knee deep in water, waiting hopefully for rescue. Hustled to warmth and dryness within, he was soon comfortable and none the worse for wear.

For a couple of days the foster mothers watched more closely their ambitious little charge, then away flew the adventurer never to return. While there was real sense of loss at his departure, two girls felt sure that he was able to fend for himself.

Never tease or torment a dog. It is likely to make him ill-tempered. If you treat a dog well, he is one of the best friends you can have.



RUTH CASE FEEDING THE ROBIN

## With Massachusetts Editors

**M**ORE editorial comment on Be Kind to Animals Week appeared in the press of Massachusetts than ever before. Following are a few excerpts:—

Boston: *Christian Science Monitor*.—"Work for the protection and well-being of the 'lesser ideas' of God cannot be regarded as a minor activity but rather as an endeavor of highest effort."

Boston: *Post*.—"This has long been an annual observance, and it has been most worth while. The person who shows kindness and thoughtfulness for our dumb friends reveals a fine trait."

Boston: *Record*.—"We, as a people, treat our animal friends more and more kindly and the recurrence of Humane Week every year serves to keep up that spirit."

Fall River: *Herald-News*.—"Every notable act of kindness to an animal by a public personage is so much character education for our boys and girls. It not only evokes admiration but develops the finer things that are in them."

Fitchburg: *Sentinel*.—"The local program of education is one that deserves the support of the community, and the attention especially of parents and teachers who have the responsibility of instructing children to protect from harm the helpless animals and birds."

Franklin: *Sentinel*.—"Teachers in schools and Sunday-schools might do a great deal more than is being done now in the way of humane education, while parents should especially observe and endeavor to correct tendencies toward cruelty on the part of their children."

Lowell: *Leader*.—"The Lowell Humane Society is offering all possible advice to dog owners this week. It is hoped this advice which is available the year round, will keep animals well and happy for the coming year."

Northampton: *Gazette*.—"If the thoughts of the public are turned to the matter of kindness toward all animals, during the coming week, it will mean that many people will treat their domestic animals and pets more considerately throughout the year."

Salem: *News*.—"It is well to say some good words for the animals, as they have no voice or language by which they can plead their own cause. Children must be taught to watch over the welfare of their pets and all living creatures."

Taunton: *Gazette*.—"It is simply to emphasize, at one season, all that is being done by such organizations as the S. P. C. A. as a whole and by its various branches like that composed of humane-minded men and women here in Taunton. It is hoped that

in this way, the work of the humanities may be strengthened."

Worcester: *Post*.—"The net result of the twenty annual Kindness Weeks is a better understanding of all animal life, kinder treatment of animals everywhere. Let it never be forgotten that he who is kind to animals is most likely to be kind to humans—especially to children and to the aged. This means a happier world and, Heaven knows, we need it."

## On Being a Good Sport

ROBERT M. HYATT

**N**ATIONAL Observance Week is past. Throughout the nation, thought for the humane treatment of all animals has been observed by real sports. Are you one of these? Are you doing your bit toward the welfare of our dumb animals?

Think . . . Would civilization have progressed and attained its present-day achievements without the aid of the horse and dog? There has been a life of unflinching service and devotion to mankind.

Undoubtedly the horse ranks first in importance to us. Without him, there never could have been the Pony Express, that noble forerunner of fast letter transmission, one of the chief attainments in the winning of the West. The making of history has depended upon him. Before steam and gas came as vehicular power, Dobbin was king. In many instances he still is. And will continue to be.

Watch the steady, faithful plodding of the milkman's horse. His slow, easy progress, his starts and stops, are timed accurately to comply with his master's deliveries.

Do you remember the days when three massive white horses drew a smoking fire engine on its mission of rescue? Those hoofs pounding against cobblestones at what was then breathless speed, was a matchless thrill.

We will never be without horses. Then let us give a thought to their well-earned reward. All they ask is kindness. All they need is water and shade, ample food, and an occasional rest. They will respond nobly then.

Perhaps the greatest abuse practiced on horses today is the setting up of docked tails to please the warped-brain fans of the show rings. The process necessitates cutting the flexor muscles on each side of tail. This reduces it to a useless stump, making it impossible to resist the annoyance of flies.

And the dog—man's bravest, most faithful and self-sacrificing friend. He ranks as the most practicable method of handling

live stock against thieves and wild animals, and for herding purposes.

What exploration party ever leaves for distant lands without several dogs? Despite all modern inventions, expeditions into the Arctics are never attempted without them.

Think of the dog's fame in the War Zone. Ten thousand were in service at the Front when the armistice was signed. The Red Cross dog, with his first-aid kit, that ignored every danger for his service to man. The Liaison dog, message bearer, trained to seek his master under all conditions. Often he saved whole companies of men from disaster.

Think of the dog—your best friend, that does your least bidding without a grumble. Remember his few needs. Guard against his abuse. He won't forget.

The cat, too. A mousetrap than which there are no peers. Protect her. Be careful of placing poison for rodents. "Tom" or "Tabby" may find it first.

And this goes for the birds, too. They'll appreciate those daily crumbs. That bowl of fresh water. They'll remember all you good sports—and come back daily to serenade you with their thankful songs.

Let's all be GOOD SPORTS from this day on!

## Cats in Slums of Japan

Editor, *Our Dumb Animals*:—

The Japanese Christian, Toyohiko Kagawa, a man of saintly character, went to live in the slums. He says:

"Where love is, there God is. One old beggar woman lived in a tiny six by six feet room. Yet she picked up one cat after another till she had thirteen, and spent more on feeding her cats than on feeding herself. This old woman asked me to be her son and bury her. When I promised to do so she began to try to look after my comfort. Knowing I had little to eat, she searched through many garbage boxes and found a potato and gave it to me. I cooked and ate it. She was delighted, and said, 'I'll bring you more!' I declined with some emphasis: 'Give them to your cats!'"

Kagawa wrote three books on slum life. The public was stirred, and the Diet voted twenty million yen to abolish the slums of the six largest cities in Japan.

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL

## Our Dumb Animals

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